

they wouldn't turn him in
for the reward
even when they were starving

Old Chock was alright
they'd say
Ain't seen him
they'd mutter

But the law got him
shot him down in a cornfield
not because he was a criminal
but because he
wasn't organized

He was layin there
full of bullets
& the cops asked him
are you
Pretty Boy Floyd?
& he said
"My name is
Charles Arthur Floyd"
& died
like it was important to him.

MOUNTAIN MAN

Half man, half grizzly bear
married a squaw
took himself several
in various parts of the country
"a big fat warm one for winter"
"a thin quick one for summer."
spitting sloppily on a passing beetle
unfit for
civilized society
too big for towns
cities too big for him
& no room at all now
as he slumps to sleep
on the sidewalk
in front of the Greyhound station
too old to crawl
back to his mountains.